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Philip, and Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands. I sat between Prince Bernhard and the Bishop of Coventry. No one could have had more delightful companions, for both of these men are unusually intelligent. Prince Bernhard is an outstanding personality, and fully deserves his popularity. He has asked me for years to attend one of his Bilderberg Conferences, but I have never been able to do so. I promised I would, if invited, come to the next one.

Got home late and read most of the night.

November 7, 1962 - Wednesday

Sir Evelyn Wrench called me from the Airport this morning. The old gentleman [redacted] went there with his nurse, to take a chartered plane flight to the United States, where he had been invited by the English Speaking Union, of which Jock Whitney is Chairman. Upon arrival at the Airport, it was found that the visas of both his nurse and himself had expired, but unhappily there was nothing we could do about them, for the air line properly refused to let them aboard without their papers being in order, since that might subject the carrier to a heavy fine. We arranged to grant visas to [redacted] enable him to take a later plane.

I lunched at the City Livery Club in Sion College. The President, Norman C. Tremellen, introduced me. After I spoke, Alec Home, who [redacted] sat next to me, responded. There were about 200 members present, representing a cross section of interests in the City of London. It was an enjoyable affair. I said more or less the following:

Colette de Jouvenel came to see me this afternoon. She is a daughter of the famous Colette, and when we knew her in Paris, had an antique business. She has now abandoned that, and is devoting her energies to establishing an Anglo-Franco-American theater in Paris. I gave her what advice I could on this subject.

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